

*Helens cheeks, but not his beard,
Cleopatra's Maistie:
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuiz'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and beards,
to haue the touches dearest priz'd.
Heauen would that these gifts should haue,
and I to line and die her slave.*

Ref. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him sirrah.

Clot. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare 5 verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete: but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraisters heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith (Coz) tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraisted?

Cel. It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd *Acorne*.

Ref. It may vvel be call'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes forth fruit.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a fight, it vvel becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ref. Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thank you for your company, but good faith I had as lief hee beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake

I thank you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vwith Writing Loue-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the our of rings?

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloaths, from whence you haue studied your questions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistresse the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. He carrie no longer with you, farewell good figure.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? *(reiter.)*

Ref. I pray you, what is't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me, what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre would detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: He tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I pre'thee, who doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowe: for the one sleepes easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and weatful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinke himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who stales it stil withall?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwell you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: shee is in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natie of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ref. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake; who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences: as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge

Ref. There were none one another, as halfe monstrous, til his fellow

Orl. I pre'thee reco

Ref. No: I wil not o that are sicke. There i buses our yong plants barks; hangs Oades v brambles; all (forsooth) If I could meet that Fa some good counsel, for of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is me your remedie.

Ref. There is none he taught me how to k of rushes, I am sure you

Orl. What were hi

Ref. A leane cheek and sunken, which you ric, which you haue not haue not; (but I pardou ung in beard, is a yong hofe should be vngarte sleue vnbutton'd, you about you, demonstrat are no such man; you a coustrements, as fouin uer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I

Ref. Me beleue it you Loue beleue it, v then to confesse she do which women stil giue

in good sooth, are y Trees, wherein *Rosalin*

Orl. I sweare to th *Rosalind*, I am that he,

Ref. But are you so

Orl. Neither time

Ref. Loue is meere serues as wel a darke h and the reason why th that the Lunsacie is so lone too: yet I profess

Orl. Did you euer c

Ref. Yes one, and gine me his Loue, his to woe me At which t youth, greeue, be effor liking, proud, fantasti of teares, full of smiles for no passion truly an for the most part, eati him, now weepe for h

of madnes, w was to fo and to liue in a nooke r him, and this way wil uer as cleane as a soun be one spot of Loue in

Orl. I would not b

Ref. I would cure y

Orl. And come euerie d